



Puck

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BRAVO, ST. LOUIS!



PUCK

Edited by JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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ST. LOUIS has covered herself with glory in this year of grace 1904, and is entitled to the felicitations of the whole country. It is no easy task to carry through a World's Fair to a successful conclusion in times like these, when the public is giving daily evidence of being tired of centennials and such like things, and the great city of Missouri has unquestionably proven herself guilty of a notable achievement in this respect. She has not neglected her other duties in doing it either, which is a further feather in her cap. Presenting her Fair for the world's approval, she has at the same time gone ahead nobly on the path toward municipal rectitude. She has purged herself of her boodling elements and helped to put to the fore-front the man of indomitable courage, against whom the forces of vice and corruption brought to bear their heaviest weapons. Wherefore, when Puck salutes this princely metropolis of the West with his bravos, it is with the usual sincerity of the heart, but with a little more than the usual enthusiasm for well-doing nobly achieved.



IT MUST be gratifying to that great Captain of Industry, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, to hear the news from Ascoli, and to learn therefrom that virtue is not its only own reward. It was a fine thing for Mr. Morgan to decline to turn his collection of old masters and rare embroideries into a "fence," and at no little loss to himself to return to its original owners the famous Cope which they had lost through the conscienceless cupidity of some unknown highwayman. How much finer it is to discern in the breast of the beneficiaries of Mr. Morgan's rectitude, that spirit of gratitude which shall immortalize his name! His statue is to be placed in the Cathedral, a little lower than that of the angels perhaps, but still high enough to shine out like a good deed in a naughty world; a tablet is to be placed in the market place recording the noble act of the distinguished American financier, and yet further a public square is to be named for him, Piazza Morgana, or Piazza San Pierpontifex Honestissimus or something of the sort. It is really the sort of episode that thrills, and Puck looks to see it proving of far reaching effect.

If all the American Captains of Industry will only restore to their original owners certain things of theirs which they of course have innocently acquired, there will be a revision of street names the land over, and statues galore in the market places of many a town, city and hamlet will be reared to their memory. In the one instance of the United States Steel Corporation, it is safe to say that the restitution to the stockholders, of a portion of their losses at least, by those who without of course meaning to do so have profited by the slump in its securities, would be followed by a public recognition which should be the richest jewel in the diadem of the man so honored. Let it come direct, too, gentlemen, not in the shape of libraries, universities, and free bible classes. The Morgan method is by all odds the best for both parties to the transaction.

THERE SEEM to be strange things doing up Massachusetts way. Not only has the old Bay State chosen a Democratic Governor in a Presidential year, but one of its most distinguished citizens, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard, has stated that Boston's schools no longer lead in education, and are not as good as those of some western cities that are willing to pay more for them. Two such incidents as these happening in the space of less than a fort-

night should set the fins of the sacred codfish to flapping with nervous apprehension. That a man who chose to stand upon a platform of tariff revision right there in the heart of the high protection camp, should condignly wallop his opponent who had already twice been elected to the Governorship is surprising enough, but the announcement by one who may be presumed to know whereof he speaks, that the educational supremacy of Boston has been wrested from her by certain comparatively mushroom cities of the West, is tantamount to an upheaval that is little short of a convulsion. Upon the election of Governor Douglas we are disposed to congratulate the Commonwealth, but the note sounded by Dr. Eliot fills us with a despair and astonishment which leaves us well nigh speechless. Of course the tight little town of Boston may console herself that after many years of literary obscurity the center of American letters has been restored to her by the pen of Mr. Thomas W.



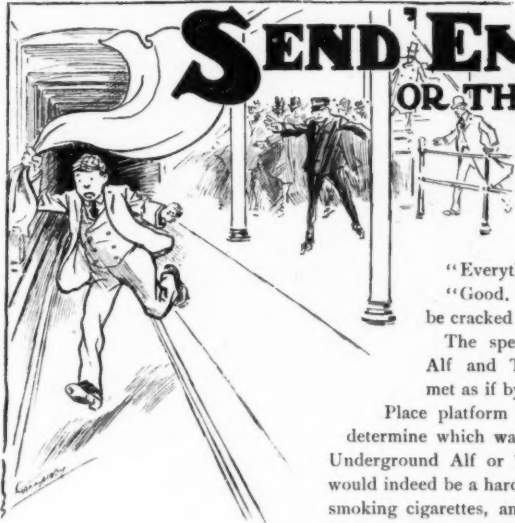
Lawson, as the circulation of a certain magazine amply attests, but even this will not suffice to soothe her troubled breast. To have spent centuries in winning a certain kind of fame, and then to wake some morning to find it gone, and the hand that is probably one of the best loved in the community the hand that has taken it away, that is indeed a sorrow too deep for real mitigation. It is a serious situation not only for Boston, but for jesters—like PUCK—as well, for if Dr. Eliot is correct, what becomes of wise little Willie Bostonbeans, the precocious kid, of the wondrous vocabulary; of little Waldo Emerson Jones, the born scientist, the baby biologist and the infant Huxley? These be solemn days for us who have gently prodded Boston on her culture in the past, and we cannot thank Dr. Eliot for having taken away the assurance of a basis in actuality for the long string of Boston nursery jokes that we have on hand.

Puck's Christmas Number.

PUCK ENJOYS many privileges because he enjoys many friends, and by no means the least of these is the opportunity each recurring Holiday Season affords for the presentation to his friends of his annual Christmas number. This year this special reminder of the season of jollity is to appear on the seventh of December and as we look it over, now that it is ready for distribution, with all due modesty, we cannot refrain from saying that it is indeed a stockingful of good things that should carry more mirth to already mirthful hearts, should convey the relieving touch of fun to the hearth-stone that is cold and gray, bring smiles of a wholesome sort to the lips that are pursed with sorrow, and the ring of laughter into the retreat of tears. That is the way the finished product of the goodly company of workers who help us the year through in the fulfillment of the mission we have undertaken strikes us, and it is of their achievement, not of our own, that we are now boastful. It makes little difference how old or young you may be, the Christmas PUCK contains something for you. Babies, kids, youths, middle-aged, mature and octogenarians alike, have all been cared for in this collection of rattling jokes, funny tales, mirthful pictures and prismatic color prints. Santa Claus and Mistletoe, Christmas Spooks and real live people, all of them clean and nice and sweet and funny; holly, plum-pudding, turkey with lots of stuffing and toys a plenty—in short all good things that Christmas brings are to be found in this issue in great abundance. Mr. Charles Battell Loomis, Mr. Tom Masson, and Mr. Wilberforce Jenkins have contributed short stories that contain laughter and thrills enough for any reasonable reader. Mr. Nankivell, Mr. Goodes, Mr. Glackens, Mr. Levering, Mr. Erhart, Mrs. Rose Cecil O'Neill, Mr. Travis and Mr. Pughe are among those who have made the issue pictorially notable, and the resources of the PUCK PRESS have been taxed to the uttermost to make of the tinted pages of the number a veritable Fairyland of Color. Nor is there any lack of the Poets who have divined the true spirit of Christmas and in this issue expressed it with delicacy, and a general literary felicity which must touch into immediate response all the chords of appreciation of which people of the right sort are possessed. To-day you may think that PUCK is not so modest as he ought to be over this product of his punsters, pensters, and pencilers, but next week when the issue reaches you, we shall be much mistaken if you do not decide that we have expressed ourselves here with commendable restraint.



SEND 'EM UP SAM OR THE SUBWAYS OF NEW YORK.



THRILL I.

"IS EVERY-
THING in
readiness?"

"Everything."

"Good. Then the crib shall
be cracked to-day."

The speakers, Underground
Alf and Tube Tunnel Toole,
met as if by chance on the Astor
Place platform of the Subway. To
determine which was the greater villain,
Underground Alf or Tube Tunnel Toole,
would indeed be a hard matter. Both were
smoking cigarettes, and the mouth of each,
moreover, was perpetually curling in a sneer.

THRILL II.

Rap! Rap-rap! It was the secret knock of the underground clan.
"Who's there?"

"Me; Tube Tunnel Toole," came the husky-toned response.

Slowly the sub-cellar door swung open on its hinges and as slowly it
closed again. The scene is the big boiler room of the Highestuppe Office
Building and at the time is 4:05 P. M. Tube Tunnel Toole gave a searching
glance 'round. The furnace tenders were busy at their task. He and Cal,
the Coal Passer, were unobserved.

"Lead the way," said the former, whispering, "and tread on soft coal
only, or our footsteps will betray us."

Guardedly, scarcely breathing, in fact, the pair disappeared in the nearest
fuel bin. Then to another they stepped, and to a third. Now they were under
the sidewalk and a brick wall, covered with grime, seemingly barred their
progress. Not so. With silent deftness, Tube Tunnel Toole inserted a
chisel and instantly the way led further through a low, earthy passage.

"In a quarter of an hour," said he, "we will be multi-millionaires."

Stooping, he aimed his head and shoulders at the low, earthy passage.

"Stop!" cried Cal, the Coal Passer, "I have been flim-flammed long
enough. What do I get out of this? Without my aid, you could not have
dug this hole. Without this hole, your underground chamber, adjoining the
wall of the Subway, could never have been built. Without the underground
chamber, the siding, on which this afternoon you hope to switch the Wall
Street Flyer and hold its passengers for ransom, could never have been laid.
Therefore I repeat, Tube Tunnel Toole, what do I get out of this?"

"How dare you halt me, Cal, the Coal Passer!" the other
hissed angrily. "What do you get out of this? How often
have we told you? You get as your share all the Ship
Building Trust and Amalgamated Beans Stock that we
find on the persons of our prisoners. What more
can any man ask?"

Thereupon, with a hoarse chuckle, Tube Tun-
nel Toole dived abruptly into darkness.

"Cuk-curse them!" cried Cal, the Coal
Passer. "They would give me the go-by,
would they? Well, let them try. There still
is a quarter of an hour."

Crash went the coal—hard coal—against
the secret door in the brick.

"Caught! Caught!" he whispered, exultingly. "Caught like Brooklynites
in a bridge block. And now for Send 'Em Up Sam, the young elevator starter!"

THRILL III.

"All aboard, gentlemen. Wall Street and Riverside Flyer, Parvenue
Apartments first stop. No, Madame, this train stops at no apartment house
where the rent is less than \$6,000 a year."

The scene was a downtown station on the great New York Subway; the
time 4:15, on a bright autumnal afternoon. Financiers (High) and multi-mil-
lionaires, their pockets bulging with bonds, were descending, in a stately stream,
their private stairway. On a short spur, gay in its high light of varnish, stood
their regal train, the Wall Street and Riverside Flyer, no stops for the public any-
where. At the head was the palatial motor car, Thomas W. Boston of Lawson.

"This way, gentlemen," cried the urbane guard again. "Special starts in
two minutes. Express to Parvenue Apartments. Way to Schwab Manor."

With a dignity befitting the character of the train, the Wall Street and
Riverside Flyer drew out in its run uptown.

"Ha, ha!" said the forward guard, but well beneath his breath, "Let

Tube Tunnel Toole perform his sworn
task, and to-morrow, when compared
with mine, the wealth of Monte Cristo
will be as cancelled stamps."

The Guard was Underground Alf,
effectually disguised as a respectable working man.

THRILL IV.

Could he make it in time? Could he! He must and would. Heavens,
how he ran! Heedless of everything, caring for nothing, Send 'Em Up Sam,
the young elevator starter, sped desperately along Fourteenth Street and down
the Subway stairs. He looked at his dollar watch. Thank fortune! There
still was time. Cal, the Coal Passer's warning would not be wasted verbiage.

It was 4:17 now; the Wall Street and Riverside Flyer would not pass
Fourteenth Street until 4:21. Rapidly calculating the sum in his mind,
Send 'Em Up Sam could count on four precious minutes.

What should he do with them? Should he tell the ticket agent?
And be called a fresh kid? No. Should he tell the nearest cop?
And devote half an hour to getting it through his head? No. No,
he must flag the train himself. Yes, yes; but how? Half a
minute was gone.

To think was to act with Send 'Em Up Sam. Grasping
a turn-stile and wrenching it loose, he ran with it across the
station platform to Jiggle & Whooper's Subway Show
Window.

Crash! Crash! It took but a second to shiver the
glass and but two more to seize a pair of red portieres and
leap from the platform to the track. Once between the
rails, despite the shouts behind him, our hero sped on to-
wards Astor Place. One or two local trains passed him, bound for Harlem in
a stated number of minutes, but these he heeded not. His danger signals were
not for them.

Boom! Just in front of him, a section of the Subway's side opened inward
as if by magic. The heart of Send 'Em Up Sam was mounting to his mouth,
but still he sped on. He now could hear the distant roaring of the Riverside
Flyer, Parvenue Apartments first stop.

"Halt, curse you!"

He looked back. A desperate man—it was Tube Tunnel Toole—was
leveling a revolver and ordering him to return. But no! He sped on. The
roar of the approaching Flyer was louder than before. He looked back
again. A gang of grimy men, working with superhuman haste, were laying
a switch to the Flyer's special track.

"From the Underground siding!" gasped Send 'Em Up Sam.

Bang! A bullet hummed by our hero's ear.

Bang! Bang! Two more bits of lead, one of which ploughed through the
portieres, but still he sped on.

Around a curve came the splendid train. It was almost upon him.
Would they see him? He waved the red portieres high above his head
and the motor-man shut off the power. The Multi-millionaires were
saved; so were the Financiers (High); but Sam—heroic
Send 'Em Up Sam—he dropped in swooning state aneet
the nearest steel column, while across his wavering
heart lay the price tag of the portieres:
\$12.98, reduced from \$15.

THRILL V.

Two years have elapsed. Tube Tunnel
Toole turned State's evidence and
Underground Alf was caught at
Courtlandt Street Ferry and hauled
to court. Both are still in the
Tombs, and if the 6,083 cases
in the calendar ahead of them
can be shelved, they may be
tried by a year from next Spring.

Their underground cham-
ber, next the Subway, is now
part of a noted ratskeller,
kept by an ex-headwaiter
who left the place just as
it was, and engaged Cal,
the Coal Passer, as chef.

As for Send 'Em Up
Sam, the young eleva-
tor starter, he was fired
for leaving his post.
He is doing splendidly,
however, as a porch climber
in the Bronx.

A. H. F.



Tube Tunnel Toole.



Underground Alf.



PUCK



GRATITUDE.

MISS ALEXANDER—It seems to me, Mr. Dawson, you do everything well—billiards, golf, foot-ball, bowling, archery—

MR. DAWSON.—Well, I have my dear old father to thank for that. He really skimped himself to give me a college education.

Like our experience with other pretty girls, we sometimes find that when we think Fortune is smiling on us, she really has her eye on the tall man behind us.



Monsieur d'en Brochette

CHAPTER XI.

LA BELDAM SANS MERCI AND LA BELLE ISABELLE.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Monsieur d'en Brochette and Count of Paté de Foie Gras encounters Jules Fagot, a low-born waiter, who is personating the Duke des Pommes de Terre. The latter has been made captive by the conspirators because he refuses to join with the chefs of France to place him on the throne. Count Robert, in unmasking Fagot, thoughtlessly appropriates the mole, the mark of identification of the real Duke, from the waiter's chin, and thus himself becomes the double of the Duke. At the Duke's chateau he is received as the rightful owner. While there, Fagot, Isabelle, with whom d'en Brochette has fallen madly in love, and the Chevalier de Brie arrive. Isabelle denounces Fagot, and in the midst of the confusion the real Duke arrives and confronts the masqueraders. D'en Brochette convinces the retainers that he is the true Duke. The real Duke, his face hid in the famous Iron Mask of history, is led to a donjon, and d'en Brochette is confronted by De Brie. The two men fight a duel, in which De Brie receives a mortal thrust. D'en Brochette is about to leave the scene, when there is a terrific explosion. Fagot has blown up the chateau. The wreck disgorges the real Duke's wife, imprisoned for fourteen years. Rather than acknowledge the furious woman the Duke pleads for the Bastille. The King suddenly arrives and the Duke swears that he is Fagot, the conspirator. Sentence is pronounced, and Brochette is left the unwilling husband of the Duchess.

"UNHAND ME, woman!" I cried, and sought to break the amorous clutch in which the Duchess held me. But as the ivy clings to the oak, or the devil-fish to its prey, the infatuated woman hung on. I must temporize.

"Enough, Marie," I said. "I do surrender—I am thine for all eternity."

With a cry of joy she pressed my unhappy nose still more erotically against her breastpin. *Ventre Verdi Gris!* it is sore to this day.

"And you will never donjon your little Marie again?" she whimpered.

"Never, on my honor as a Pommes de Terre au Gratin!"

Reluctantly she unclasped her arms. I rubbed my proboscis ruefully.

"Poor 'ittle nosie!" she cooed, touching it tenderly.

"Diddum naughty pin scratch him?"

"It diddum, Madame!"

I roared. "By Cyrano, it diddum!"

The Duchess took my arm. "Let us leave this place, my love," she said. "It is frightfully out of repair."

I glanced around at the ruins of the chateau—the chaotic heap of toppled masonry and twisted girders. As a place of residence it was indeed *passé*, not to say *de trop*.

Not a soul was in sight. In the distance I heard the echoes of a bugle; the King was returning to Versailles. It was dark as Erebus, save for the flickering light from the flames of the wrecked chateau.

"We must put up at the hotel, sweet Marie," quoth I. "And appearance hath it that we shall walk perforce, for of horses and retainers I see nothing. Methinks the varlets have perished in the wreck. Remain here, my Sappho, whilst I repair to the village—'t is but half a league—for a conveyance for thy precious self."

"Nay, Gaspard; thou'lt not leave me again," replied the Duchess, determined not to lose sight of her prey. "I shall accompany thee to the hotel on foot. I have need of exercise, my love, having taken on flesh during the past fourteen years. I acknowledge, my cruel Gaspard, thou hast fed me well."

"Come, then, my Helen of Troy," said I, with an inward groan. And we set forth toward Manchet, the Duchess with feet of thistledown and I with leaden heel.

En route I searched my wits for means to disencumber myself of La Beldam Sans Merci, but could think of nothing short of murder; and this, with my customary delicacy, I shrank from. The hotel lights surprised me with not an idea in my pate—usually a tropic forest of ideas.

"My love, we will sup," I remarked, having registered.

"*Mon Dieu*, Gaspard, I was at the dessert when the Chateau blew up."



The Duchess snatched wildly at the letter.

vants for a fresh wardrobe, bidding them purchase the most costly goods to be obtained. It was hard upon midnight when a cringing menial advised me that the banquet was prepared.

Despite her protest, the Duchess discovered an excellent appetite, and as we supped we chatted of many things—a new chateau to be built in the Spring, our winter house in town, a cruise in the Mediterranean. The Duchess cast on me the most languishing of glances, whilst I madly revolved in mind a thousand futile avenues of escape from her Circean toils.

The expectant *valet de place*, with an obsequious bow, laid beside my plate the bill for the repast. I glanced at the figures and started violently.

Two hundred and fifty-seven francs, thirty centimes!

"*Ventre de Gargantua!*" I murmured to myself. The precise amount, to a centime, M'sieurs, of the bill which my lost Isabelle had vised for me at the Café D'Oeuf, in Paris, not forty-eight hours before! Again, at this touch of a vanished hand, a wave of passion swept over me.

In those forty-eight hours had been crowded more incidents than the ordinary man experiences in a lifetime, even in these days of swash and buckler. Save for the hours I lay unconscious in the well at Croquante, I had not slept, nor was there prospect of my sleeping for days to come. I vowed to myself that I should not close my eyes until I had recovered Isabelle, if years were required to the search.

Now, as on that fateful morning when first I beheld my divinity, I was without a sou. Mechanically I thrust my hand in my pocket, though no purse was there, and drew forth a letter. I stared blankly at it, then suddenly I recalled that it was the letter to the Duke des Pommes de Terre which I had taken from the ill-fated courier on the road from Paris. The seal was still unbroken. Like myself, the letter had had remarkable adventures.

Never, M'sieurs, was there stranger caprice of circumstances.

I had, become, for better or worse, the actual Duke des Pommes de Terre. The letter, therefore, was for my eyes. Thus was I in conspiracy against the King, as this fatal paper was unquestionably a link in the chain of plotting.

"From a woman, Gaspard?" queried the Duchess, kindling with jealousy.

"Nay, my love; 't is but a tailor's bill," I answered lightly, opening it.

Diable! It was in truth a tailor's dunning. It read:

"To making one business suit, with extra breastplate and surcingle, 125 francs. To cleaning and riveting business suit, 10 francs. Please remit by messenger."

The paper fluttered from my hand. I sat dumfounded.

"A message for the Duke des Pommes de Terre," announced the *valet de place*, laying a perfumed missive before me. My heart leaped: the perfume was Isabelle's. The Duchess snatched wildly at the letter, but I thrust her back in her chair and broke the seal of the odorous message. One glance and my wild Brochette blood flamed for instant action:

"MY BRAVE BROCHETTE—True heroine of romance that I am, I am once more up against it. Come at once. Love will find the way."
ISABELLE.

I leaped to my feet, upsetting my chair with a crash; and flinging the unpaid dinner bill at the Duchess, who fell fainting across the table, in three bounds I had gained the street and was running like a deer in the direction of Paris.

Love showed the way. Venus was evening star, and swung, a beckoning beacon, before me.

I had run a league or more when suddenly two dark shapes sprang up as from the earth and barred the highway. I reached for my sword, but—*sapristi!*—I was defenceless. Powerful arms seized me, a bandage was placed over my eyes, and I was hurried—whither I could make no shift at guessing.

PUCK



A pack of armed ruffians were swarming up the stairs.

Presently I heard a gate click; my feet touched gravel; I mounted a stair; the bandage was plucked from my eyes;—*Mon Dieu!* I beheld the beautiful Isabelle, her eyes shining like stars.

"My brave Brochette!" she cried, and sank into my arms.

"My pearl of fabulous price!" I murmured.

"It was very good of you to come, my brave Brochette."

"Now that I am here I shall never leave you!" I swore, and took tribute of the tremulous lips that neighbored mine.

"Oh, Robert," she murmured—"your name is Robert, is it not?"

"Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse. Wear upon thy lips, my love, whichever name best pleases thee."

"I am undecided, my preserver, 'twixt Alphonse and Gaston. Both are sweet."

"T is all one to me, sweetheart," said I. "Help yourself."

"Then Alphonse be it," she replied. "Oh, Alphonse, I feared you could

not come to me; that fate, so inconsiderate of lovers, had placed you *hors du combat* once again."

"Tell me, my adored," I said, glancing about, "what is this place in which I find you?"

"T is a villa, and deserted. Ask me not how I came here; 't would require an entire chapter, and time and space press—like thee," she said, pantingly. For a Brochette, M'sieurs, is a very bear at the game of hugging. "Thank heaven you are in time, my brave Alphonse. One fight more, my cavalier, and then our troubles will be over, and we shall live happily ever afterwards."

"Ha!" I cried, sniffing the battle afar off. "You expect an attack?"

"At any instant. Hark!" She raised a warning hand. A sound of breaking glass fell crunchingly upon the silence. "They are in the cucumber beds. In another minute they will force the door!"

"A sword! A sword! My dukedom for a sword!" I roared.

Isabelle ran lightly to a clothespress and drew forth a naked blade of 18-karat Toledo. I snatched it eagerly, and to test its temper ran it through a haircloth sofa.

"Shall we not barricade the door?" asked Isabelle, pushing the piano into position.

"Nay, my love," I replied. "We shall make it a staircase affair. With your sweet voice to encourage me I could hold a stair against more men than fronted Horatius in the brave days of old."

A crash below stairs told me that the door had been forced. I sprang out upon the landing, Isabelle following with a piano lamp. A pack of armed ruffians were swarming up the stair.

"Twenty—count 'em—twenty!" cried Isabelle, her voice high with excitement. "A Brochette! A Brochette!"

I snatched a kiss from her scarlet lips, and bidding her hold the lamp high I turned to the work in hand.

"Twenty—count them—twenty!" cried Isabelle again. "Have at them, valiant Brochette."

And then, to the hireling cut-throats, swarming on the stair:

"Come on, *canaille*, come on! I'd have ye meet a gentleman—a gentleman of France!"

A chorus of maledictions swelled from the throats of the baying pack at the foot of the stair.

Next Installment, Chapter XII.

In Which There are Doings on the Stair.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

THREE PRIZES FOR BEST PLANS FOR REORGANIZING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

DESPITE the result of the late presidential election so much interest is expressed in the Democratic Party, and so many plans have been put forth for its reorganization, that PUCK, always ready to facilitate the forward motion of a good thing, is moved to offer liberal prizes for the best plans reaching his office before November, 1908.

PUCK frankly confesses that himself has formulated no plan—he is a critic of other men's plans; nor has he observed in the efforts of gentlemen that make political architecture a profession precisely the plan to be pursued.

The right plan, the plan of plans, is yet unborn in mind of man, and it is to develop the embryo and safely to deliver it that PUCK offers

Three Prizes.

For the best plan of reorganization contained in 200,000 words or less—a year's rest in any first-class sanatorium, the winner to defray only such incidental expenses as board and railway fare.

For the second best plan—a nickel-plated, 40 H. P., ball-bearing megaphone.

For the third best plan—a portrait of David B. Hill (retired).

IMPORTANT TO CONTESTANTS.—With each plan must be submitted specifications showing probable cost of reorganization; no bill of cost to be met by the Trusts.

Rules and Regulations.

Contesting architects must honestly believe that there is enough of the party left to be worth reorganizing. Every plan must be accompanied by an affidavit to the effect that the contestant voted for Judge Parker and at least once for Mr. Bryan.

Only Renaissance architecture will be considered, and a Jeffersonian simplicity of design will be especially favored.

No plans calling for more than one wing will be considered.

There must be plenty of room on the ground floor.

Every apartment must have both northern and southern exposure.

There must be a large pie counter in the pantry.

The heating apparatus may be hot air or hot water; the lighting, gas.

Plans must reach PUCK's office on or before October 31, 1908.

They may be sent rolled, folded or bottled.

The Judges.

The Judges will be W. J. Bryan, Tom Watson, W. R. Hearst and Col. Henry Watterson.

In the event of a tie Mr. August Belmont will cast the deciding vote.



WOULD HE!

EFFIE.—Have you ever loved before?

STEVE.—Yes; but not like this.

EFFIE.—Would you mind giving me a few samples of your other ways?

PUCK



ECHOS FROM THE FAR EAST.

(The old gentleman has been awakened from his afternoon nap to hear this cordial invitation :) "Now, grandpa, Willie is General Oyama and I'm General Kuroki. We've got our troops outside and you're to come and be General Kuropatkin retreating from Liaoyang. We'll give you a fair start before we fire—so hurry up."

A SINNER'S REFLECTION.



WE MAY talk about pol'tics, religion, an' sich,
Of the small an' the great, of the pore an' the rich;
You may argy all day, an' without any hitch,
But when it comes night you'll be whar you began,
Ef you talk with a sancterfied man.

Jim Dunn was the gol-darndest rascal in town,
Not even exceptin' ole Jesse James Brown,
But, now that he's wearin' a holiness gown,
He's as pure as the purest of rivers that ran
In the Garden of Eden—this sancterfied man.

He can lie, he can steal, he can drink, he can cuss,
He can play cards fer money, or stir up a fuss,
Or anythin' else that is sinnin' with us,
An' still he's as spotless as when he began,
Because he's a sancterfied man.

Ef Jim goes ter heaven whenever he dies,
An' ef fer a crown an' a harp he applies,
Ole St. Peter will have ter excuse any lies
He may tell, fer the holiness plan
Whitewashes the lies of the sancterfied man.

Ef sancterfied men inter heaven are sent,
I wonder whar Lincoln an' Washin'ton went.
"The fust shall be last" in the Book must-a meant
That our future runs on the reversible plan,
An' heaven is hell fer the sancterfied man.

Norman H. Pitman.



JUST AS REPRESENTED.

JERROLD.—I can't get any speed out of that auto you sold me.
You told me you had been arrested six times in it.
HOBART.—So I was, old chap. For obstructing the highway.

A little virtue is a dangerous thing.



SANTA CLAUS ELECT PREPARING



PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

HIAWATHA ON THE GOLF LINKS.



Hiawatha hied him swiftly,
After long, deep, solus pow-wow,
To the golf links, resolutely
Bent on doing mighty wonders;
Mighty smashing of the records.
Daily had he watched the swipers
Swat the dough sphere thro' the meadows,
Thro' the atmosphere and meadows.
"Ugh!" remarked he, scornful, jeering,
"Paleface weaklings are no dam good!

Hiawatha now will show them
How to paste the white round horse pill;
Make them look like thirty centimes.
He has shot a two-yard arrow
Half a mile straight through an oak tree.
He has pierced a turkey buzzard
Soaring high above the rain clouds."

Called he loudly for a caddie,
Caddie named Can't-Find-a-Football,
Called he likewise for a driver,
For a long, stout, mighty driver.

Then with airy nonchalance he
Set a golf ball on a sand peak,
On a little ant hill placed it.

Then he gazed far in the distance,
Long and farther in the distance.

O'er the fields way out of bounds he
Cast his eye upon a farm house,
Marked the chimney on the farm house.
Spat he then upon his digits,
On his long, strong, dusky digits,
Dug phalanges in the tee clay,
Gripped the swat-club as the vice grips,
Wiggled e'en as Travis wiggles.

"Fore!" he yelled, although before him
Was no creature save a Bill goat.

Backward swung the stick until he
Caught the clubhead with his left eye,
For the caddie, Can't-Find-Football,
Told him that was strictly *au fait*

Swift as lubricated lightning
Swished the long club through the lung food,
Swished and whizzed and whirled
and whistled.

Round and round as on a pivot
Hiawatha whirled, revolved,
Whirled until the grass and
caddie,

And the sand box and the Charley-
Horse and trees and fences circled,
Swimming round him fast and faster,
Faster, damsite, than a buzz-saw.
Then the ground moved up and smote him
On that feature of his person
Which projects unto the southward
When he faces to the northward.
And the dough sphere on the ant hill
Murmured softly: "Never touched me!"

J. P. G.

TOO LATE.

SUDDENLY the man was made aware
that he had spent about all his ener-
gies of mind and body in getting rich.

His distress was great.

"I meant to quit the mad pursuit of
wealth while yet I had strength left to
alter the cut of my whiskers and correct
my grammar and table manners!" he
cried, and beat his breast, for he loved
his wife and daughters, who would now
die of mortification owing to the defeat
of their social ambitions.

EVERY TIME a man loses his temper, he
shortens his life a month, or, if he be
very slow to anger, two months.



STANDING ROOM ONLY.

BELLE.—What makes you so sure that your fair will be a success?

EDITH.—Well, don't breathe a word if I tell you. We've arranged solely for
mistletoe in the decorations.

AS TO LAND.

THE world is one-fourth land. This is not far from the correct proportion; it would be
awkward if there were to be more territorial importance than there was water to float
navies commensurate with.

Again, if there were more land, there would be more men in real estate, to the disad-
vantage of the learned professions.

Some people are spoken of as being land poor. We often say land! where we mean
damn! in compliment to our Puritan extraction.

Land of the free is mere poetry. In point of fact, the more land a man has, the
further he is from being free.

The ideal condition is where nobody owns any land and everybody lives in a flat. The
ideal flat-building rests on a mathematical point and rises to
a height of four million stories.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"WE eat and we drink," said the mere thinker,
"but are we therefore merry?"

"Certainly," said the truly wise man. "We
owe about our funniest almanacs to
stomach troubles."

"But to eat excessively is bourgeois,
and likely to lower the standards of good
form," said the mere thinker.

"Stuff!" said the truly wise man. "Every
new beefsteak club in New York makes for
more farmers in the corn belt who can
afford to come down to dinner in evening
attire."

Mere thinking leads to a cheerless dis-
trust of tendencies, whereas true wisdom
fills the soul with gladness.

TO PROMOTE LONGEVITY.

THE CHICKEN.—What advice would you
give a chicken, Pa?

THE ROOSTER.—I'd advise him to try
to grow tough.

AMONG NEIGHBORS IN THE SUBURBS.

"How do you like me with whiskers,
Dawson?"
"No better than I did before you had
'em, Wilkins."



PUCK

STRAW.

"**A** LAS!" cried the Straw, as it was about to break the camel's back. "What an unhappy lot is mine, destined as I am to do only evil!"

Just then a drowning man clutched it.

"I would almost rather have been left to crush the camel than to be mocking this poor fellow!" whimpered the Straw.

But as it spoke, it showed how the wind blew.

"That is all I need to know," said the man, and swam ashore.

MORAL: Let none despair of being useful.

TWO MEN.

ONCE upon a time there were two men, and it was equally their first wish to be independent.

One of them sought to be independent by having much; the other, by wanting little.

But a few years passed, and both these men slept with their fathers; with this important distinction, however, namely, that one slept on a full stomach, while the other slept on an empty stomach.

THE HEATHEN, IN HIS BLINDNESS.

FIRST NATIVE.—Wog Wog 's drunk about all time.

SECOND NATIVE.—Yes; but if you even hint to him that he is an immoderate Christian, he gets mad and says he is one of those who can either embrace it or let it alone.

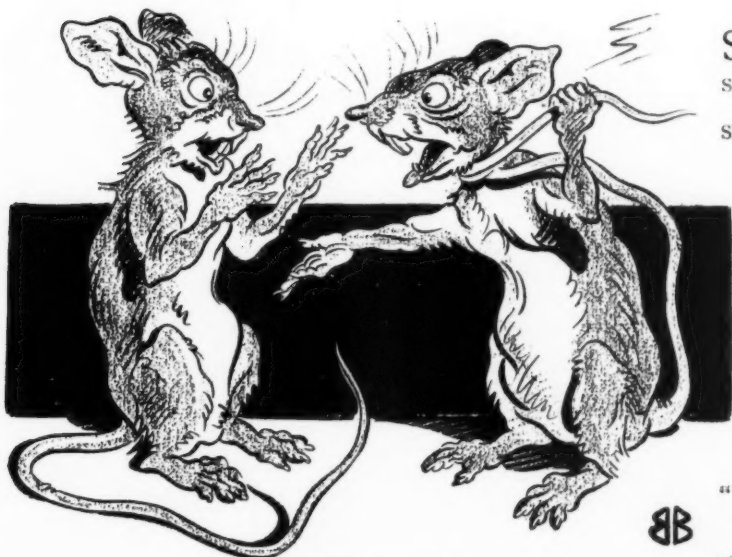
THE USUAL SIZE OF HIM.

LITTLE ELMER.—Papa, what is a hypochondriac?

PROFESSOR BROADHEAD.—A hypochondriac, my son, is a person who has no disease, but many complaints.

THE REAL END.

"**Y**ES, he was killed by a blow from a policeman's club."
"Sort of hard-wood finish, eh?"



A DIRE THREAT.

LEANDER MOUSE.—Accept me, Leonora, and my life shall be devoted to your eternal happiness—refuse me and I tighten this loop and put an end forever to a hopeless love!



THE TRUE ARTIST.

POLLY PROMPTER.—Well, say, just look at Grinnand Barrett. He 's actually buying!

LE GITT RANTER.—Merely seeking atmosphere, that 's all; and rehearsing. He is going out with a road company in the part of Monte Cristo.

Which seemed a reasonable and satisfactory answer.

KNEW HIS LIMITATIONS.

AN applicant for a position on the detective force was being examined. "Here," said the inspector, handing him a garment, "find the pocket in that."

It was a woman's skirt, and the applicant was shrewd enough to realize that fate was against him, and at once gave it up. The inspector was much impressed by his cleverness.

"If you 're sharp enough," he said, "to know that it's no use to look for it, you 're sharp enough to make a detective."

A FINANCIER.

SHE TAKES a cast-off hat, spends five, Retrimms it, makes it look like new, Sets it upon her queenly head And then parades in hubby's view. She tells him that a hat like that Costs fifty at a first-class store; He writes a check to pay for it, Glad that it is n't any more.

Effie James.

AS TO LAW.

NCESSITY bemoaned her limitations.

"You 'll be ashamed of your old mother who even in this day of correspondence schools knows no law!" she exclaimed, with an affecting quaver.

"Hush!" rejoined Invention, soothingly. "I will more than ever make virtue of you, which has no need of law."

THE AMERICAN NOBILITY (A. D. 1975.)

"**T**HE pretense of the peasantry is indeed laughable," remarked Count De Koyne, between bottles.

"What 's the latest?" inquired the hereditary Duke of Waterstock, languidly.

"Why," replied the count, "one of my clerks had occasion to call at a workman's hut, this afternoon, and the good housewife was busily engaged in washing her dishes, pretending—haw! haw!—that the family had eaten, dontcherknow!"

NATURE.

WALKING out one day we met a fine woman.

"I am Nature," said she, pleasantly.

We expressed our gratification, and complimented her on the looks of the woods and fields.

"Oh, yes," said Nature. "The artificial digestion of food lets me out of a lot of confining, thankless work, and enables me to get out-doors more."

We remarked that it seemed to agree with her, whereat she thanked us, and passed on.

ART.

"**T**HEN you don't make one's interior look like the charts shown in the public schools?" we faltered, feeling the ground very thin under our feet.

The Demon Rum shrugged apologetically.

"Well, no. The fact is, frankly, I don't seem to go in for art for art's sake so much as some," said he.



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correct dress FREE ON REQUEST.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

MORE AMERICAN demands in Turkey, says a bit of legation gossip.
American demands in turkey are frequent always at this season.

THE CHICAGO society woman, who has started work as an artistic book-
binder, is to be congratulated on her choice of a trade. Suppose that instead
she had chosen to be an artistic book-maker?



A RUSE.

FIRST CHAMELEON.—So the Buzzard was going to attack you.
How did you manage to frighten him away?"

SECOND CHAMELEON.—Easy;—I just changed to a whitish back-
ground with red spots and he thought I had the measles.

Tired brain and nervous tension relax under the po-
tent action of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Label on
bottle tells Abbott's.

ACCORDING TO Egyptology it took 120 years and \$500,000 to build
Noah's ark. Thus you will observe that there were grafters even in those days.

JUDGING FROM the itinerary of its author, "The Simple Life" is a
deal like the strenuous life, after all.

THE ROADS in Manchuria are said to be the worst ever. Perhaps
Gen. Kuropatkin is building a subway to Petersburg.

ACCORDING TO one who knows, Sing Sing prison is a splendid health
resort. Those who go there, however, seldom recommend it.

IF TAMMANY's plans are carried out, Pat McCarren will have
another chance soon to play Horatius at the Bridge (Brooklyn side).

IT IS GETTING so now that even girls are receiving "black hand"
communications. When calling upon ladies, black hands, as a matter of
courtesy, should wear neatly fitting gloves.

"WAS SIR WALTER SCOTT a poet?" asks a writer in the *Atlantic*.
Guess not. He never wrote anything about the frost being on the pump-
kin, or about the old swimming hole, or about meditations at milking
time. Walt would n't stack very high in Indiana.

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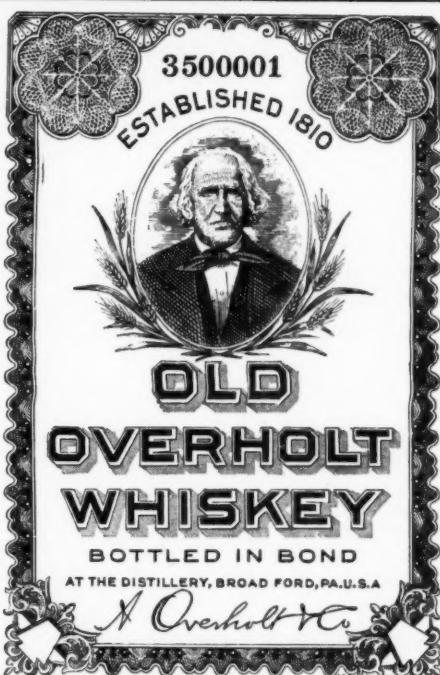


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WHISKEY MUST BE AT LEAST FOUR YEARS OLD
EVERY BOTTLE CONTAINS FULL MEASURE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is to be made a diplomat. Reginald has to be diplomatic right along, with Jerome still in office.

THERE is a hitch somewhere in the Smoot inquiry, so the dailies tell us. Why make news of it, neighbors? Mormon affairs are full of hitches.

Gov. DOCKERY of Missouri has issued a Thanksgiving proclamation of exactly 56 words. He issues usually 1,500. Missouri has cause indeed to be thankful this year.

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DON'T cramp yourself for Christmas money. Use the Loftis System and make \$5 or \$10 do the work of \$100. You may select any Diamond or Watch from our Christmas Catalogue and have it sent on approval. If you like it and want to keep it, pay one-fifth of the price and send the balance to us in eight equal monthly payments. Guarantee with every Diamond. Exchanges allowed at any time. We have been awarded the Gold Medal at the St. Louis Universal Exposition in competition with exhibitors from all over the world. Please write for Illustrated Catalogue. It costs nothing to examine our goods. We pay express charges. Diamond Cutters and Manufacturing Jewelers.
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WHAT WAS it Hans Breitmann used to say? Vere is dot barty now?

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THERE is one argument in favor of a woman's marrying a Chinaman. Her husband naturally will do the washing.

JOHN HAY will stay for four years more. *The Sun*, in announcing it, neglected to remark: "Thank Heaven for John Hay."

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—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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No impurity in Pears' Soap.

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It wears out only for your comfort and cleanliness.

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PUCK'S NEW CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a CHRISTMAS PRESENT of a year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we have a New Presentation Card this year. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color-printing.

The Best Christmas Present—
A Year's Subscription to Puck and
Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size 7 1/2 x 5 3/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Address PUCK, NEW YORK.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"One bumper at parting!
The sweetness that pleasure has in it
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It flies, do we know half its worth."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
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COLUMBIA, in 150 years, has conferred 19,000 degrees. Question: How many degrees make an educational circle?

FROM ADVANCE indications, the inaugural fête in Washington next March will cause the late Durbar of India to resemble a patent medicine parade.

A NERVOUS correspondent wants to know what would happen if a subway express running at full speed were to run off the track. We don't know but we imagine there would be a sudden drop in the stock of the surface lines.

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A JOHNSTOWN ALDERMAN, lost in the woods, subsisted for three days on a sandwich. Gramercy! Suppose it had been a Raine's Law sandwich.

BECAUSE OF his weakness for chorus maids, a certain young Pittsburgher had a chilly welcome home. Or, in other words, a cold snap followed the thaw.

WHILE COLONEL WATTERSON is away in Europe, somebody may turn the *Courier-Journal* into an administration organ. Lots of things can happen in ten months.

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BEFORE AND AFTER.

Dawson, the Half-Back of the Champion
Eleven, has a god-like head on the
Foot-ball Field, but—

When the Foot-ball season is over and
he cuts his hair he is not quite so
divine.

Knowing physicians prescribe Abbott's Angostura
Bitters to tone up the system—they know Abbott's
will meet every requirement. All druggists.

GRANT'S TOMB is to be paraffined "to stop the leaks." If that is what
paraffine is good for, have it handy for use in the Police Department.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN railroad is to be double-tracked. To harmonize
with other Russian things just now, depressed tracks would seem the proper
caper.

RUSSIA is to take part in the Peace Congress, but in the meanwhile, will
continue the war. Reminds us of Artemus Ward's: "We will now have an
intermission of fifteen minutes. But—er—during the intermission, I will go
on with my lecture."

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MR. ROOSEVELT is to be President
of Harvard when his term expires. Mr.
Fairbanks will be merged into the ice-
trust.

AMBASSADOR CASSINI declares that
the war will be fought out to the bitter
end. We are glad to hear it. We
were afraid it would continue to be
fought after it was finished.

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It is not known, as yet, which party will nominate General Miles in 1908.

A good place to convene the Peace Congress would be Manchuria. Example is better than precept.

PORTO RICO wants money, says a newspaper bulletin. Porto Rico may find that there are people in the line ahead of her.

WE DID N'T think of it at the time, but perhaps it is n't too late to observe that what we want is not so much a square deal as a good all around one. There are too many corners in a square deal.

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HEALTHFULNESS
BOQUET

COMMISSIONER WARE has resigned, but the Pension Office is none the worse for Ware.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIBLE has been bought by an American. We'll have the whole island over here before long.

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ORMISTON & GLASS LONDON

GOLF is recommended as a cure for nervousness; also running. Mr. Tom Watson also ran. Regards to 'Gene Debs. Silas Swallow please write.

TWENTY YEARS ago, a South Western man vowed to burn his shirt when Missouri went Republican. Thanksgiving day he burned it. Was it the same shirt?

THE Keeley Cure

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West Haven, Conn.	Crab Orchard, Ky.	North Conway, N.H.	812 N. Broad St.	Waukegan, Wis.
Atlanta, Ga.	Portland, Me.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Harrisburg, Pa.	Toronto, Ont.

FOR GOUT & RHEUMATISM

Use the Great English Remedy

BLAIR'S PILLS

Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.

DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

It is reported in the Middle West that Tom Taggart has invested money in a New York hotel. May be he merely spent it.



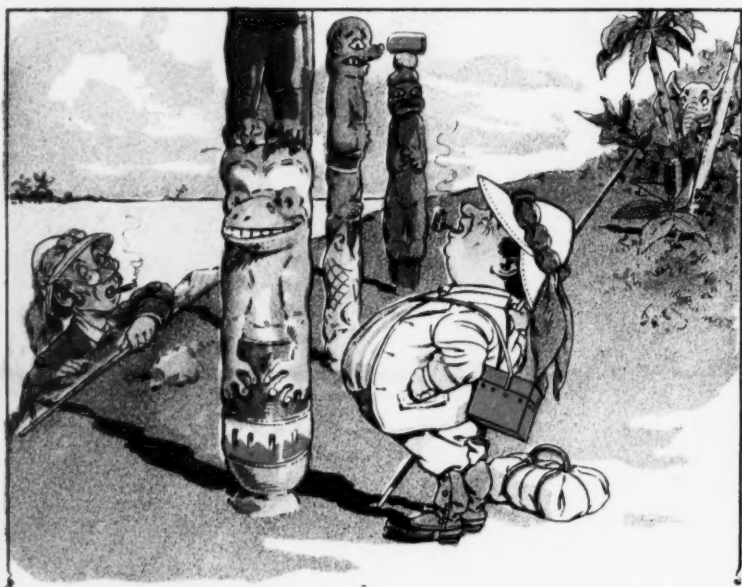
ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

DOLLY (a golf enthusiast).—I know now why the poets sing the praises of the beautiful snow.

JACK.—Really? What's so admirable about it?

DOLLY.—Just see how useful it is for making tees!

PUCK



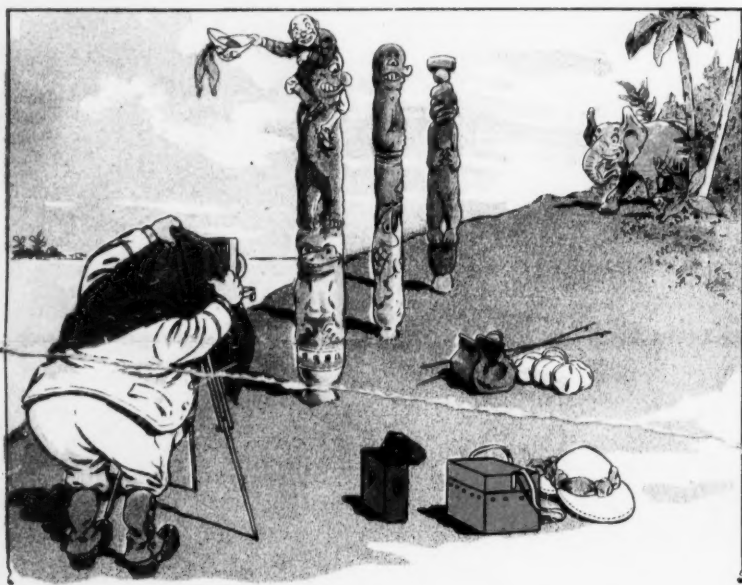
I.

"Hello! I was always under the impression that only Alaskan Indians erected totem poles; however—



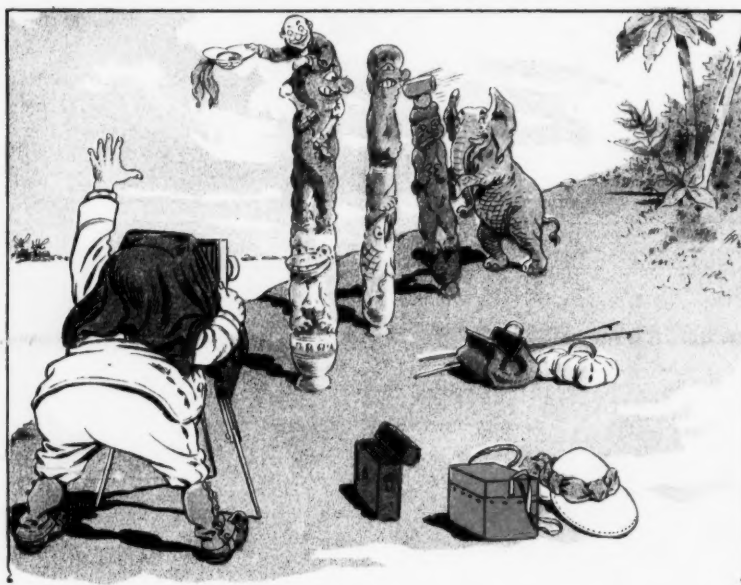
II.

"Now, Professor, just climb up and assume a striking attitude, while I take the camera and make a plate to verify our great discovery.



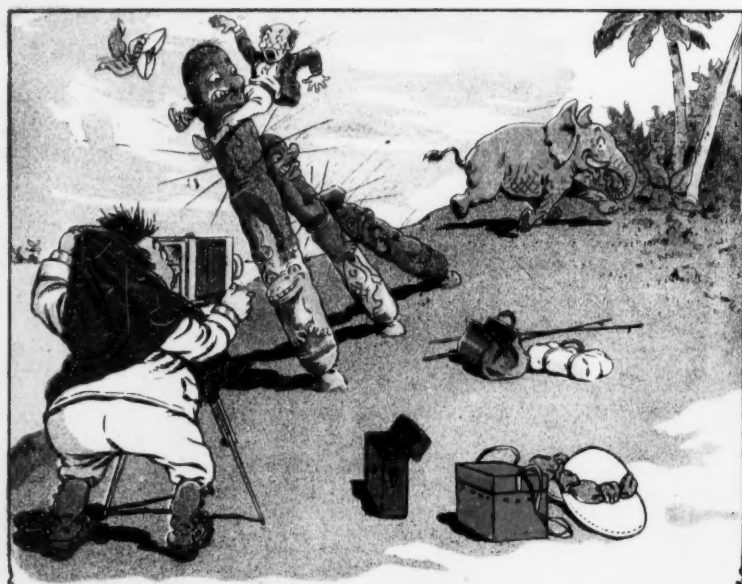
III.

"This is evidently the link that will connect the two races —



IV.

"You're too high, Professor; just—



V.

"—come down a trifle—



VI.

"—lower! Great Caesar! Help! Help!"

A CONNECTING LINK.

